

HURLED FOUR STORIES.

Unheard of Cruelty to a Cat in West Fourth Street.

Some Unknown Miscreant Threw It from Roof to Pavement.

Indignant Dr. Dovey Offers a Reward—One of the Neighbors Accused.

\$10 REWARD for any information that will lead to the conviction of the person who threw the cat from the fourth story window into the street from house 28 West 4th st., about 12 o'clock this day, Sept. 4, 1889. B. G. Dovey, West 4th st.

Benjamin G. Dovey, a gray-haired, gray-whiskered, kindly-faced man, who has been thirty-five years a veterinary surgeon and physician at 26 West Fourth street, was seen this morning and had a story of a cruel outrage to tell.

Pausing in his work of preparing a serum for some bull-terrier twins, which are among the fifteen four-legged patients in his hospital, Dr. Dovey said:

"Yes, sir, I am the advertiser in this morning's WORLD. I have been so much among the dumb creation that I have learned to feel that they have rights and too often wrong to right. I am an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and aside from the beastly human nature which the affair mentioned in that advertisement has developed there is an offense committed against the laws of the State.

"If I can discover the guilty wretch who hurled that poor, harmless creature from the top of a four-story building, I shall be only too glad to pay the \$10 reward offered.

"Joseph! Bring that poor cat to me," called Dr. Dovey through a latticed door leading from the store to the hospital ward.

Joseph appeared a moment later bearing in his arms a gray cat marked with glossy black stripes like a tiger.

Joseph is about forty years old, and his face was full of sympathy as he tenderly laid the cat down on the counter before the doctor.

"The cat was so thin that its bones might have been articulated through its skin. Its yellow eyes were immense in their hollow sockets, and there was a look of pain and misery in its face.

"This cat is a young one, not more than two years old, but it is sick.

"Yesterday it came crashing down from the top of the building next door. It struck on a sign put up by the agent announcing that the second floor was to be let.

"The pole bearing the sign broke and the cat fell to the pavement below. My young man picked her up and brought her to the hospital. I found that three of her ribs were broken and both rear thigh joints were dislocated.

"I reset the joints and dressed the ribs. With proper care and food she will come out all right; but that is with no thanks to the brute who dashed her down from such a height.

"From the people in the house I learned that the poor thing came from the upper floor, but beyond that I have no definite information. That is why I offer \$10 reward.

"I have a large, kindly-faced woman of thirty-five years, with two children at her skirts. The visitor told his errand, whereat the woman burst into tears.

"I tell you truly, sir, I know nothing about that cat. I will show you," and she took the reporter into a bedroom, the door of which she had to unlock.

"I have a lady, who lives in the room just under here. I was looking out of a window break down the sign, just at the side of my door. Mrs. Mattose was in her house, and she led the reporter out and through another room to the parlor room, a distance of not less than seventy feet.

"I was here in this window when the poor kitty fell. Could I be here and there, too? Ask the people in the bottom floor—they saw me here."

Mrs. Dirk's attitude was appealing. At this instant a prosperous-looking workman entered. It was Gustav Dirk, her husband.

"I am glad you have come," he said; "my wife is accused of a bit of dirty cruelty and I will clear up the matter for you. But how many years and never had trouble with any one before. My children were born here. My good wife would not do such a thing, I know."

Mrs. Mattose, of the third floor, was more voluble and was positive that Mrs. Dirk had hurled that cat out of the window.

No, she didn't see her, but who else could have done it? "Mrs. Dirk," she said, "is always fighting me. She says I am all to blame for it, but I never have any trouble."

Mrs. Mattose argued the case like a lawyer, but had no legal evidence against her neighbor.

Mrs. Bernedorf, a tailor on the first floor, was not so sure. She was highly indignant that any one could have been guilty of such an outrage.

"A person that would throw a poor, helpless cat out of the window like that would do me any wrong," she said. "But how do I know who did it? There are two families above my floor. I only know that the poor animal came down with force enough to break down the sign, just at the side of my door. Mrs. Mattose was in her house, and Mrs. Dirk in hers. Ask the people in the basement. They saw it."

George Collet, dealer in millinery goods in the basement, replied intelligently to the reporter's queries, his bright young wife aiding him now and then.

It was a burning shame to do such a thing. But because some one did it I am not going to hang somebody else. I was in my doorway. It is as you see, five steps up to the sidewalk. While I stood here yesterday noon there was a crash and the sign broke. I looked up and I saw Mrs. Dirk at the window over my store. Then I ran up and found a poor cat almost dead on the sidewalk. I was at the other side of the building from Mrs. Dirk's window. At this moment Gustav Dirk emerged from Mrs. Mattose's house. He paid no heed to her, but said to the reporter: "I am a poor man and

work hard for my living, but I would give \$5 myself to find out who threw that cat out."

Mr. Dirk handed the reporter a card bearing the inscription "B. Hellring & Bro., manufacturers of furniture, of Bleecker street," and said: "I have worked for them nine years; ask them about my character. My wife is all scared. She is almost sick from this trouble, but she never harmed that poor cat. She is accused by that woman on the third floor, who has always made trouble with her."

No one living opposite the scene of trouble saw it and the mystery will probably remain a mystery, but poor Tabby in the skilled hands of Dr. Dovey will probably recover.

\$2.50 TO "LICK" THE COOK.

Sailors Make Serious Charges Against the Skipper of the William Rice.

William Kuehne and Frederick E. Richards, seaman and cook, respectively, on the schooner William Rice, called at the United States Marshal's office yesterday and procured a libel against the vessel. They claimed that they had to abandon the vessel in fear of their lives.

Kuehne tells a long story of what he had to contend with. The "fun," as he described it, began while they were casting off from the pier at Hoboken Tuesday afternoon. A stranger came aboard at that time and asked if he could ship for the trip. Capt. Charles Jameson, who has been sailing on the Rice for some time, says the applicant to go aloft and vet the gallopast.

He declined this unnecessary performance, and the captain set upon him with a knife and a pistol. The seaman was then let off and the tug "Trojan" took her in tow.

During the trip the captain abused him and sought to induce Kuehne, who is able-bodied, to "lick" the cook, Richards, who is smaller. Kuehne refused to do this, and the captain promised to give him \$2.50 if he climbed the cook and drove him ashore.

When the captain's wrath against Kuehne and Richards was over, they were left alone and secreted themselves on the tugboat.

When they reached the anchorage grounds and the tug was about to leave the schooner's hiding place and meet their captain in a lower range, he chased them about the deck, and threatened and cursed until the scared seamen fled to the cabin and locked the door.

They released their prisoner at 5 o'clock yesterday, but when the captain appeared on deck he was as violent as ever. There was a foot race between skipper and men around the vessel, but the captain finally went below and the seamen were left alone.

The feeling, sorrow, on gaining land, went to the justice of the peace and got a warrant for the arrest of the captain, who defied the authority of the justice and fled to the C. K. track when he rowed out to the schooner.

"Nobody but a United States Marshal can catch him," said the justice. The seamen found Deputy Marshal Holmes, who took their case and issued a warrant for a libel against the vessel for unpaid wages.

THE DEMOCRAT IS ELECTED.

President Harrison's Policy Does Not Carry the Third Louisiana District.

(SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.)
WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—The result of the election for Congress in the Third Louisiana District yesterday is without effect on the party division of the next House. Mr. Day, whose death caused the vacancy, was a Democrat, and Andrew C. Bonaparte, who has been chosen to fill the vacancy, is a Democrat.

Between the President and the carpet-bag leaders in the South is certain to follow. Mr. Price would probably have carried the day under any circumstances, but the size of his majority is undoubtedly due to the fact that the Republicans have been elected from their old leaders, refused to give instances to support the Republican candidate.

Mr. Price, who has been chosen to fill the vacancy, is a Democrat. His nomination evoked no enthusiasm and no well-informed man in the State believed for a moment that Mr. Price could win.

The President will call for an account of the matter from Kellogg and his cronies. He stated all the time that the district was Republican. Both Mr. Price and Mr. Miner are sugar planters and have been the constant property of that industry, but on the question of the proper tariff policy for the Government they have been in opposition.

Mr. Price would have the highest Protectionists in Congress. He believes in protecting the sugar industry. He is a much of a sugar planter. He is a sugar planter. He is a sugar planter.

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WAS MURDER BEHIND? IT WAS A REAL DUEL

Evidence That Ray Hamilton's Life Was to Be Taken by the Plotters.

His Wealth Secured by a Will in Favor of the Child.

Hamilton to Make a Full Statement in Court To-Morrow.

Rumor That Josh Mann Has Confessed to Inspector Byrnes His Marriage with Eva.

Inspector Byrnes's application for an adjournment until to-morrow of the examination of Josh Mann and Mrs. Swinton for the purpose of obtaining further evidence in the infamous conspiracy against Robert Ray Hamilton has caused much speculation as to what can be coming next.

It seemed as if the whole story had been told, and that no lower depth of villainy than that already discovered could be reached.

The Inspector is mysterious and uncommunicative, however, and declines to tell what is up, but it has leaked out that the evidence which he is after, and which he feels pretty sure that he will obtain, shows that the conspirators were not only after Hamilton's money and honor, but his life as well.

It is said that the purpose of the trio was to get wealthy Robert Ray Hamilton to make a will in favor of his supposed child and then put him out of the way in some quiet and effective way.

All their efforts were directed towards this end, and there are facts which show that they very nearly succeeded in accomplishing their designs.

They hadn't obtained the will they wanted, for Hamilton is a cautious man in money matters, but they had secured a document in which he had made provision for her in case of his death.

The despatch character of the people with whom he was associated, without knowing it, has been revealed in the story of the plot as already made public, and that they would not be able to get Josh Mann out of his grasp their point is hardly to be doubted.

It is said that when the fair but frail Eva had finally persuaded Hamilton to marry her, he had gained great wealth, and as there was no positive proof has yet been obtained, it is said, of this fact, though it is known that the pair had lived together in many places as man and wife, both in this State and elsewhere.

This little plot fell through because the expert specialists who examined Josh said he was perfectly sane, and so she was forced to take him into partnership in her schemes.

As to the question whether Eva was married to Mann before she became Hamilton's wife is a matter which is not yet settled.

No positive proof has yet been obtained, it is said, of this fact, though it is known that the pair had lived together in many places as man and wife, both in this State and elsewhere.

Hamilton has changed completely in his feelings towards his wife since he learned the truth in regard to her deceptions and her evil life. Loathing has taken the place of affection, and he will no longer try to shield her from the consequences of her crime.

The other conspirators will use every means to have him punished as they deserve, and when the examination takes place to-morrow he is prepared to make a full statement in regard to the whole matter.

He insists upon doing this, though it is in opposition to the wishes of his counsel. Mr. Swinton and Mann are kept in close confinement at Police Headquarters and are allowed to see no one. There were rumors to-day that Mann had confessed to Inspector Byrnes that he was legally married to Eva Parson, Steele, &c., and indicated the place where the proof of that fact could be obtained.

An EVENING WORLD man called on Lawyer Samuel B. Clarke, one of Robert Ray Hamilton's counsel, this morning.

Mr. Clarke was disinclined to talk about the case, but agreed to answer one question, as follows:

"Do you know that it was part of the plot for the conspirators to finally do away with Mr. Hamilton?"

The lawyer hesitated several moments, averting his eyes and studying the figures on the ceiling, and finally he answered slowly and deliberately: "I would rather say anything about that part of the case." The reporter's impression was that Mr. Clarke was at heart convinced that murder was intended.

A remark made by Assistant District Attorney Jerome yesterday afternoon is significant. Mr. Jerome said:

"If there were people had been let alone they would have made Hamilton make a will to suit them and then have killed him."

Get the Trucks but Failed to Deliver Them.

Mrs. M. B. Eppler, the wife of a traveling theatrical man, is endeavoring to find two trucks, containing over \$500 worth of property, which have mysteriously disappeared. On Tuesday Mrs. Eppler engaged an expressman to go to the corner of Eighth street and Third avenue to go to a hotel on Tenth street. The expressman did so, but has not yet delivered them. Diligent search has failed to find the expressman.

Missing Matthew Dillon.

Matthew Dillon, aged eighteen years, disappeared suddenly from his home, 400 West Thirty-third street, August 14 last. He was last seen on West Thirty-third street at 9:30 o'clock that evening. His mother is sorrowful over his departure, and offers \$50 for information that will lead to his return.

Killed on the Boulevard.

Notice was received at the Coroner's office this morning of the death of an unknown man, who, while driving a market wagon on the Western Boulevard, near Seventy-third street, last night, was thrown from his seat and received injuries which caused almost instant death.

The Police Say That McCluskey and McCort Exchanged Shots.

An Elevated Road Post and an Ash-Barrel Sheltered Them.

The Two Toughs Have a Grudge of Long Standing.

John McCluskey, who shot Daniel McCort through the cheek at Third avenue and Tenth street early yesterday morning, is at large still, while McCort is nursing his wounded cheek.

The reason the police are not over-anxious to get him, they do not hesitate to admit when pressed, is that they would not be averse to seeing the two settle their feud that has been standing between them for years by killing each other, and that as soon as possible, not until then can they hope for peace in the ward.

McCort is a bricklayer, when he does not run a saloon, and the son of a retired policeman. McCluskey is a political hater in the Eleventh Assembly District, usually employed in some capacity or another by the city. He used to be in the Sheriff's office and in the Park Department.

The contention between them, according to the police, is over the distinction of being called the "toughest man in the ward."

Honors, according to the same source, are easy in the strife. Both have been in a number of scrapes and have got out of them.

They go armed always, and the pistol hangs loose when wanted. McCort beat a woman with his hip in the Compton House once and had a narrow escape.

McCort tried to "do" Capt. Ryan himself on Second avenue in a fight, but the latter didn't fight him. He had a chance to use a weapon. The Captain is an athlete and knocked the ruffian out before he knew what he was about.

When they did meet in the midnight affray, the police say, a regular duel ensued.

It was not, as McCort afterwards reported, a one-sided affair, with McCluskey doing all the shooting.

One of them sought cover behind an ash-barrel on the corner of Thirty-fourth street; the other behind an Elevated Railroad post.

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A BREACH EXPECTED.

The London Dock Laborers Feel New Confidence To-Day.

Wharfmen Lafone's Concession to Be Followed by Others.

Dock Companies' Permanent Men Threaten to Join the Strikers.

(SPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
LONDON, Sept. 5.—A break among the dock companies is confidently expected to-day, to be brought about largely through the concessions made yesterday by the Wharfinger Lafone.

In his case the demands of his men were practically granted in full; and it is said his example will be followed by several other wharfingers and by a number of dock companies.

Mr. Lafone employs 700 men at his wharves. A new element in the movement, and one calculated to disturb the dock companies still further, is the threatened joining of their permanent men with the strikers unless they speedily come to terms.

The decision reached last night by the strike leaders to allow men employed by the wharfingers to return to work has already had an evident result, and 6,000 laborers are at work under the agreement this morning.

The lightermen still hold out for their demanded six shillings per day.

MURDERED BY A MADMAN.

JOHN SCHLAEPFER SHOTS HIS BROTHER AND THEN KILLS HIMSELF.

The body of Jacob Schlaepfer, who was shot and killed by his insane brother, lies in a casket in the back parlor of his late residence, on Humboldt street, Union Hill, N. J., and the body of his suicidal brother is in charge of Coroner Beyer, of Union Hill.

Coroner O'Hara told THE EVENING WORLD this morning that there would be no inquest.

"Both parties to the tragedy are dead," he said, "and an inquest would be useless."

The tragedy was enacted yesterday afternoon. John had only been home a short time from Philadelphia Insane asylum, and in some way yesterday he overheard his brother and Town Physician Schlemmer talking about sending him back. He went out and returned at 8:30 o'clock last night.

He approached his brother, pistol in hand, and muttered, "You'll not send me to a madhouse," firing at the same time.

John's little sister, Jake's eye and killed him instantly. Then the madman turned the revolver on himself and put a bullet through his temple.

Jacob's wife rushed to the scene, and Jacob's little sister stood over the corpse of the suicide and wept.

She was nearly crazed with grief, and tried to kick the corpse in her frenzy. The father, an old man, had been visiting upon them.

The family was prostrated this morning and did not care to say anything about the awful deed that had been visited upon them.

Jacob was well known, and was one of the proprietors of the Weelawken Granite Works.

John, a few months ago, took a contract to make a large sewer in the town. He failed to fulfill his contract, and was fined many dollars behind. The family lost track of him until a short time ago, when they found him in the insane asylum.

OLIVE BRANCH TO WARNER MILLER.

Gen. Knapp Arrives with Tardy Overtures of Peace from Boss Platt.

Gen. John N. Knapp, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, has come down from Auburn with an olive branch of peace and his arm in a sling.

This peaceful overture was made by the General as the representative of Thomas C. Platt to the followers of the man who fell outside the breast-works.

He recognized that an internecine war would be fatal to the chances of the Republicans success in securing an increased majority in the Legislature this Fall, and Gen. Knapp has been in the proper spirit by Senator George B. Sloan and ex-Congressman Burleigh Warner Miller's representatives, in the proper conciliatory spirit.

These three, with Senator Fassett, Assemblyman Charles F. Saxton, who would like to be a Senator, Gen. James W. Husted and Assistant United States Treasurer Roberts, have had a consultation at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, at which they determined to devote all their energies to an attack on the common enemy, the Democracy.

HARLEN'S POWERFUL CLUB.

Aspiring to Make Its Own Nominations and Canvass in Upward Districts.

The Harlem Democratic Club is erasing an inclination to become an independent political organization, so far as the Twenty-third and Nineteenth Assembly districts are concerned.

Since the defection of last Fall, which resulted in the organization of the opposition Sagamore Club, the Club membership has been confined to the Twenty-third and Nineteenth Assembly districts, and members of the County Democracy.

It is the independent element which is asserting itself now and advocating the nomination of candidates for members of Assembly and Aldermen in the two districts named, their canvass to be conducted by the Club.

KA KU STILL MISSING.

And Detectives Can Find No Clue to Her Whereabouts.

Her Father Is Believed to Have Received Some News.

The Police Cling to the Theory of an Elopement.

Nearly thirty-six hours have elapsed since her disappearance, and there is yet no clue to the whereabouts of Ka Ku, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Kura, the Japanese gentleman who lately arrived from Los Angeles, Cal., and took up his residence at 11 Pell street.

From the remarks dropped by a young Japanese who was standing in the doorway of 11 Pell st. this morning, it is judged that the family have obtained a clue to the identity of the supposed kidnappers.

Mr. Kai Kura, her father, will not admit that he knows anything further than has already been told, but it was noticed this morning that he did not appear to be as worried as on previous days.

The family were all up and doing when THE EVENING WORLD young man called this morning.

Mrs. Eyi was rubbing away with soap and water at a piece of cloth material, and pretty little Ki Ku, her cousin, sat on a stool making paper ornaments.

"I feel very bad," said Kai Kura, when asked whether his daughter had yet returned; "she has not come back to me, and I don't know what has happened to her."

"Have you no idea of who kidnapped her?" asked the reporter.

"I don't know. Perhaps find out bimby. I show you who she was stolen."

Mrs. Eyi led the reporter up a flight of stairs to the floor above. Mr. Kura had climbed the fire-escape on the front of the house and opened the door, which is secured by a spring-latch. The room where the girl slept is a small apartment. An old double bedstead and a chair are the only pieces of furniture in the room.

Another room leads off in the rear. Ki Ku, her pretty cousin, slept in this room. As the Kuras looked at the vacant bed their eyes filled with tears.

"I cannot sleep while she is gone," said Kura. "I worry me so. Perhaps bad man got her. I go to police and offer \$50 to bring her back."

The police, however, do not share the theory that the girl has been kidnapped. They think that she was in love with some young man and has gone away with him.

"I don't know," said a Sergeant of the Sixth Precinct, who had been called upon to search for her. "My idea is that the little girl who says she is her cousin knows all about how Ka Ku got away. She took her clothing with her, and the chances are that she is right here in town."

"I think that she went away willingly, for if she didn't want to go all she had to do was to yell out and there would have been a dozen people around her in a minute in that neighborhood."

"Our detectives have searched all around for clues, but we can't get any trace of her. She is very much in this part of town, and it is hard to get at them."